

The Icelandic Canadian

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No. 3

EDITORIALS

A Distinguished Visitor

One of the many valuable services which the Icelandic National League has performed is to be seen in the array of distinguished visitors from the old country which it has been instrumental in bringing to us in America. These interpreters of the heritage which is ours has done much to strengthen the ties with the land of our fathers. We owe the League a debt of gratitude for the service they have rendered.

It would be a mere platitude to say that the visit of Sigurgeir Sigurðsson, sent by the Government of Iceland upon the invitation of the League on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, has climaxed a series of visits of leading men of Iceland. The Bishop came as the representative of the government and the people of Iceland; but very soon he became something more—more than an emissary or ambassador. Through his words of inspiration, in his public and private utterances alike, he reached into the innermost depths of our hearts—became one of us. He did more than strengthen existing bonds. The Bishop is a living bond between the people of Iceland and us, its sons and daughters on this side of the ocean.

The Icelandic Canadian echoes the general and spontaneous acclaim with which the Bishop has been received and desires to join the many Icelandic organizations in recording its heartfelt appreciation of the visit to us of Sigurgeir Sigurðsson, the Bishop of Iceland.

The Essay Contest

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the essay contest announced in this issue. Your editorial board felt that it would be both instructive and interesting to have a record of the thoughts of some of our High School boys and girls on the very unique event which takes place on June 17 this year when Iceland becomes a republic. It is to be hoped that parents and teachers will encourage children to enter the contest because the subject matter is one which should stir the emotions of young people who are just beginning to give thought to the treasure we have in our precious freedom.

In the June issue the leading editorial will deal with Iceland's Independence Day and will be written by one of our new editors, B. E. Johnson.

Building Bridges

The Icelandic Canadian appreciates the letters which it has received from its readers. They are an encouragement and in many cases contain suggestions which are most valuable.

We have made a special effort to reach our kinsmen both in Iceland and in the United States and are pleased to note that our initial efforts do not appear to have entirely failed. The article "The Better Understanding" which was translated into Icelandic and appeared in both Heimskringla and Logberg, was re-published in one of the dailies in Reykjavik "Alþýðublaðið" with an appropriate introduction. We now have an appreciable sale of the

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magazine in Iceland and it is our hope that mutual efforts on both sides of the Atlantic will lead to increased exchanges of ideas and opinions from which both will profit.

Most of the letters, however, have been in response to the article "Our Friends Across the Border". The letters show that these people realize how sincerely we desire to have their co-operation. Not only have they promised in politely formal words to assist but have already given earnest of their intentions by sending in subscriptions for new readers, writing articles and offering constructive suggestions. They want to be more than our kinsmen across the border; they want to take part in our adventure. How that can best be done is something to which they and we should give constant thought.

Changes In Procedure And Personnel

There has been a slight change of method in the editing of the magazine and of procedure in the writing of editorials. In the past we had an editor-in-chief who wrote the editorials—one editorial article for each issue of the magazine.

The office of editor-in-chief has been abolished. This was done because it was felt that as all the work is gratuitous no one should hold a position superior to the others. But someone has to be responsible for giving direction in the editing and general organization of the magazine. So instead of an editor-in-chief there is a chairman of the editorial board and of the magazine committee.

In view of the equality of status of the members of the editorial board they will all contribute; the leading editorial for each issue will be written by

a member of the board selected for that purpose. To provide variety the editorial page may contain two or more short articles without any name or initials attached to them. Main editorials may occupy the editorial page by themselves over the initials of the writer or may appear as special articles over the signature of the author.

As the magazine is a voluntary effort and more or less of a hobby, changes in personnel are bound to occur quite frequently. In these busy days people simply cannot give of their time indefinitely for work outside their own calling no matter how worthy it may be. Three members of the editorial board found it impossible to continue longer with us: Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson, Mrs. Helen Sigurdson and Stefan Hansen. On behalf of the staff of the magazine we welcome this opportunity to express to them our appreciation of the splendid and unselfish service they rendered. It is to be hoped that all of them may find time to make contributions once in a while. We are indeed glad that Mrs. Sigurdson is able to continue as book reviewer—a task she has so ably performed in the past.

The new comers should be mentioned, although it can be said literally that they will very soon be able to speak for themselves. Steina J. Sommerville was for many years a reporter and feature writer for the Winnipeg Free Press; Gissur Eliasson is an artist who is teaching at the Winnipeg School of Art, and frequently writes articles on art for the daily press; "Beggi" E. Johnson is a poet in his own right, and is well versed in modern Icelandic literature as well as the old Sagas.



The Canadian Scene

We are Canadians. We are proud of Canada, proud of the part she is playing in the world drama of today. We want to know Canada and her people, and having that knowledge help make her role the greater and more noble.

For this very purpose a club was formed in Winnipeg some time ago, called the Canada Press Club. Its primary aim is to search for a common ground upon which to achieve the unity that is needed if the people of Canada are to build well and truly. The club consists of the editors and publishers of the weeklies of the various ethnic groups in Winnipeg. The two dailies, The Winnipeg Free Press and The Winnipeg Tribune, who asked to be made members, have given most valuable assistance to the club. The Tribune offered space on the editorial page of the Saturday editions of the paper, an offer which was gladly accepted. A very interesting series of over twenty editorial articles has just been completed. Two of them (both valuable contributions) are from the editors of the Icelandic weeklies, Heims-kringla and Lögberg.

The series has been most instructive. It has clearly brought out a sequence in our thinking which is quite logical and indeed very natural. In a country such as Canada which has been settled by people migrating from many lands the evolution to a full national consciousness is of a two-fold character. The immigrant or his descendent, even for some generations, has to adjust himself in relation to the land of his forebears. When that has been accomplished he turns to the Canadian scene and reflects upon his environment and the future of his country. Needless to say, the two processes overlap.

The series shows that none of the writers found any difficulty in deciding what his attitude should be to his former native land. The attachment

varies in degree of course, but with the possible exception of the French Canadians and those who have no "old country" none denied its existence or felt that it should be discouraged. And that is as it should be. If through pressure, self-imposed or from without, this sentiment is stifled, there is a danger that a narrow nationalism may arise, as for instance, the isolationism which was so strong in the United States before the war and even had gained a firm foothold in some Canadian centres. **It is much better that the affection for the lands of our fathers should be allowed to mellow gradually as our attachment for the new land is nurtured, so that finally it becomes an invisible but essential ingredient of our Canadianism.**

Canadians of Icelandic extraction also have settled this question to their own satisfaction. Here again the degree of attachment to the mother country varies. There are some to whom Iceland means more than Canada; there are others who want to forget everything Icelandic. These extremes are understandable, but they represent only small minorities. The sentiment of the vast majority is sound—a Canadian loyalty coupled with a tender feeling for a land, a language and a literature which they do not want to forget, an affection which will live in their hearts and become part of their wider Canadian loyalties.

Thus the first half of the journey to a Canadian national consciousness has been covered. We know where we stand as Canadians and what we think should be our attitude to our "old country", Iceland. Now we have reached the second and perhaps the more difficult part of the journey. What is it that we have become or want to become? Who are our fellow Canadians? What role should Canada play as a nation?

Here again the series of articles in

the Winnipeg Tribune is revealing. It discloses that very little thinking has as yet been devoted to these questions. Indeed the same is true of the vast majority of Canadians. But this is to be expected. We had to look back first, adjust ourselves to the past and now, though without forgetting, we can look forward.

Canada came into being in a strange way. It is at once an accident and the result of human design both wise and unwise. The French, who lived in a warmer clime than the British, sailed up the St. Lawrence river. The British settled further south. Through a European war French Canada became British and a few years later most of the British colonies became independent. Within four decades British and French Canadians combined in defending Canada from an attack by the liberated colonies to the south.

And now for the second time in a generation all Canadians are called upon to defend its soil and its people and their ideals. Thus Canada is in the somewhat anomalous position that the main unifying influences have come from without while those which tend to create discord are all within.

Summarizing the basic facts which produce this situation one can put them this way. Canada is part of a world-wide Commonwealth with all the advantages and disadvantages which this entails. Canada has almost unlimited resources, which any aggressor nation would covet. A large majority of the Canadian people live on a fringe of her vast domain close beside a powerful North American nation. Canada is a bilingual and bi-cultural state, French and English, the French element being almost exclusively Roman Catholic. People have come to Canada from every country in Europe and from many other lands.

Hence it is but natural that Canadian sentiment should not be uniform. It like the Icelandic word "þjóðrækni". It is more than sentiment, wider than patriotism and lacks the unsavory con-

notation of the word nationalism. Our Canadian þjóðrækni need not become utterly blind in self-centred enthusiasm. Indeed it cannot. Our Icelandic background, the variety within Canada and the variety in Canada's environment dictate this.

But the very variety provides scope for the development of the finest type of national thinking and sentiment. It compels us to expand our loyalties, something which may require sustained effort and discipline. It is so much easier to ignore or even openly oppose everything which runs counter to one's own closely encompassed ideas or is outside the small group to which loyalty may be limited. It is when human minds are called upon to include diverse thoughts and aspirations, various creeds and conflicting economics that the limited loyalty can, without impairment to itself, be widened into an over-arching loyalty which reaches beyond groups and areas, even beyond the bounds of lands and oceans. This enlarging of our loyalties may be difficult, but it has its reward in the quality of citizenship it produces.

The diversity in Canada demands this expansion in national thinking. For that reason it is difficult to be a good Canadian. In an editorial on a great Canadian, who recently passed away, the following words appear: "To be a Canadian in this Canada of ours is not easy. It is much easier to be a Quebecker or a Torontonion, a Manitoban or a Britisher."

If being an Icelandic Canadian means simply an appreciation of our heritage and an attachment to our immediate surroundings then it is much easier to be an Icelandic Canadian than a Canadian if that word is given its proper and much wider meaning.

We must analyze the attributes of our national feeling and make sure they are right. **The quality of our Canadianism is much more important than the gusto with which we shout it.** It must be rooted in the fundamental facts of Canada whether they be histo-

ric, geographic or the product of human endeavor.

The variety in those fundamentals both human and material, is the secret of Canada's present stature and of her potential greatness. It is no accident that Canada already occupies a place in the world of achievement far beyond the number of her people, whether that achievement be on the farm, in the workshop or the laboratory. In heroism and devotion to duty none are better than her sons and daughters on the far distant battlefields of air, land and sea.

But it is in the other and in a way the finer sphere, the sphere of human relations, where Canada's possibilities are the greatest. What we have in Canada presents contrasts and con-

flicts the harmonizing of which will require great vision and consummate skill. We have just begun our task and see but dimly the structure of tomorrow. Canada's future greatness depends upon the genius of her people in building that noble edifice.

But what is true of Canada is true of the world as a whole. In that larger field of greater contrasts and conflicts the same qualities of mind, though at a higher level, will be required. We Canadians can become a living example of the toleration, sympathy and understanding which must form the basis of the world organization of the future whatever form it may take.

Ours is a glorious opportunity, a challenge which we all gladly accept.

W. J. Lindal



EASTER 1944

By HOLMFRÍÐUR DANIELSON

'Twas Mary's lot to walk behind
Her son, upon that last long road;
And silently, through blinding tears
She saw him fall beneath his load.

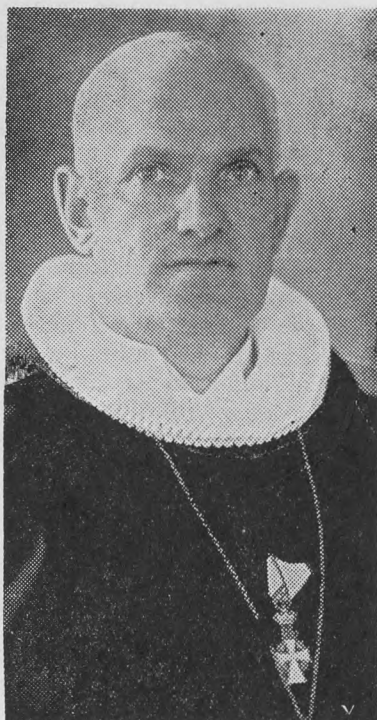
A sword to pierce the Saviour's side
The mother's soul had torn apart;
The thorns that pricked His noble Brow
Were crushed against her loving heart.

They made one Simon take the tree.
Yet thoughts and fancies come to us,—
Relieved to share His agony
'Twas Mary bore the heavy cross.

Thus countless Marys of today,
Their dear sons' sacrifice to share
Walk down the Dolorosa Way
With each a cross, a cross to bear.

Still, through the bleeding blacked-out world
The shining light of Truth is borne,
And hope and faith and love revived,
For Lo, once more 'tis Easter Morn.

The Bishop of Iceland



His Grace, the Most Reverend Sigurðsson, Bishop of Iceland, has recently been in Winnipeg attending the 25th Anniversary Celebration of the Icelandic National League, as a representative of the Icelandic Government. The Bishop came by plane from Iceland, the ocean hop taking from 5.30 a.m. Wednesday February 16th to 1 a.m. the following day, the plane resting en route. He is in his early 50s, is married and has four children. Well over medium height, sturdily built and keen eyed, the Bishop with his pleasing personality has captivated the Icelandic people in America wherever

he has gone. His words and actions bespeak the true cultural type of which the Icelandic nation is so proud. He is the first Icelandic Bishop to visit Canada and the most distinguished visitor yet to come from Iceland, and yet on acquaintance he leaves the feeling that he is just an ordinary man, a friend, a man with a human touch.

Bishop Sigurðsson is of the modern school of thought. In his pastoral letter to his ministers, shortly after he was ordained Bishop, he claimed the liberty loving spirit of the Icelandic people had never been bound by any fetters and therefore the church of Iceland must be free and liberal in thought and action. "We do not need more creeds" he says, "but more faith to build modern civilization."

The Bishop addressed many gatherings in the Icelandic communities during his short stay, and in his quiet, convincing manner he performed a valuable service in binding closer the bonds of friendship between the Icelanders in America and the Motherland.

The Icelandic Canadian heartily welcomes such a visitor and may many more like him come to these shores from Iceland, to kindle and enlighten the freedom loving and idealistic spirit of our forefathers, which still runs strong and true in our veins. Such ambassadors of goodwill, whether they come in an official capacity or not, are of inestimable value for us on this side of the ocean. They provide contacts which give us the proper perspective and will increase in our hearts and minds the value of our common heritage.

—B. E. J.



The Land Of Peetinhungitoo

By JÓN A. BILDFELL, B.A., M.D., L.M.C.C.

Editor's Note: Dr. Bildfell writes with first hand knowledge of his subject having been stationed at Pangnirtung, Baffin Island, for three years as medical officer to the Eskimo population, under the auspices of the Canadian Government. He was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, of Icelandic pioneer stock, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bildfell. Still in his thirties, he has had a varied and colorful career including a year's post graduate work at Edinburgh; a survey of hospitals in Sweden, Russia, Denmark and Finland; and a period of hospital service in British Guiana, South America for the Aluminum Company of Canada. He is at present medical officer at the headquarters of this same company in Montreal).

The Mongolian Eskimo makes his appearance into the world of men in much the same manner as does his glorified and civilized relative, the Nordic. The only difference is that there is no medical interference tolerated; there is less ceremony, less drama. Fathers and grandparents are not moved into strange behaviours.

Childbirth is an Eskimo woman's job and therefore the father, without anxious and painful demonstrations, goes about his chores in the usual fashion. It is entirely a woman's affair and assistance, if available, is sought from the older and more experience midwives. Age and experience, in their simple logic, mean knowledge. The older women have borne children, therefore they realize the problems which are associated with this function; they, alone, appreciate the ritual, the taboos and the essential trifles of this occasion; they know how the sex of the male is ensured, how the many spirits are managed, why such calamities as the birth of a female child or the death of either mother or infant occur. Childbirth, like all other events in their colorless life, must be fully understood, thoroughly managed, and ceremoniously expected. Then, and then only is there understanding and freedom of conscience.

Eskimo women are not like white women. Their simple, logical reasoning informs them that it is not to be expected that a white medical MAN could understand the problems associated with the birth of an Eskimo woman's baby.

Before such an obvious and primitive fact, medical science bows itself out in humble respect.

Mother Knows Best

Frequently a team of four or five midwives is on hand and each has her own particular task to perform. Without much excitement and without benefit of the wisdom of a glamorous obstetrician, the Eskimo child is born and the word "taba" (finished) is passed around the camp. With the minimum delay, (the maximum being referred to among "Whites" as post natal care) the mother gets up, tosses her infant into the hood, which is sewn into the back of her "koolitawja" (outer garment) and gets along with the "woman's work". Should the birth take place in mid-winter, while journeying by kommatick, the delay, in a quickly constructed snow-house, will seldom be longer than for the day of the birth.

The blank visage of an Eskimo father seldom changes but if the spirits have been kind to him and a hunter has been born, it may happen, that a slight twinkle will creep into his blood-shot eye or a faint smile steal across his placid countenance. If a female has been born, his face remains as devoid of expression as the last time that he failed to catch a seal.

One—Skin Layette

Born into the Land of Peetihungitoo (nothingness), the Eskimo cannot expect to be clothed from an elaborate layette

of delicate woolens in pink and blue. He is lucky if he gets a skin to cover any part of him. The first garment which he acquires, if any at all, is a soft summer deer-skin bonnet, or merely a deer skin bonnet if his father is a poor hunter. This is necessary to keep warm the only exposed part of the infant, who frequently peeps over his mother's shoulder to note if there has been any improvement in his dreary environment. Disappointed in the endless nothingness of it all, he drops back into the hood and sleeps. The parts contained in this hood, or pouch, are seldom exposed and are always kept warm by the heat from the mother's body. It is a waste of skins and an inconvenience to cover them. Later, as the infant makes more frequent public appearances and is removed from the hood for amusement or comfort, he is provided with a deer-skin jacket. A bare bottom makes infant management more convenient. Only when he commences to walk, does the child acquire skin boots and a pair of skin pants, which are designed with a permanent slit for speedy manipulation.

No Mickey Mouse

The Innuits' earlier years are devoid of fantasy or commercial intrigue. There is no Mickey Mouse, no Donald Duck; there are no mechanical toys, gadgets or rattles; there are no photographers nor glorified pediatricians to complicate his life. . . . no formulas, no vitamins, no routine, and finally—poor Innuits—no rubber soothers.

The management of an Eskimo baby is of the simplest form—merely keeping it well supplied with breast milk and as warm as possible. If for some reason, the mother is unable to feed the infant for any length of time, the wee Innuits simply horns in on somebody else's breast milk supply and gets as much as he can and when he can. All being well, it is customary for children to remain at the breast until they are four or five years of age. I have contracted a case where a youngster, at the

age of seven, was nursing from the breast of his grandmother because his mother was unable to meet the demand. When other babies arrive, they claim prior rights to the breast and the older youngsters have to wait their turn and be satisfied with what is left or else resort to seal stew and like it.

"Rumble Seat"

The first few years of the Eskimo child's life are no doubt his happiest and if he survives, it is largely his own fault and his own tough luck. Until he is about three years of age, he is a privileged being, allowed to enjoy the comforts of the "rumble seat" on his mother's back. This compartment not only provides the infant with warmth and some amusement, but it is also a great convenience to the mother. It is the best method of transportation; it is convenient to load and unload; the infant is out of the way and out of mischief. If he cries, or is in any way disturbed, he is pacified by the bouncing movements of his mother's body; if he is tired, he merely falls asleep without ceremony. An added convenience for "rumble seat" riding is in the way the mother does her hair; by parting it in the middle she provides the youngster with two braided reins, which form a loop at the sides of her headband joining a larger braid which hangs loosely down the back. These reins are handy for amusement and also for support. Unfortunately only one child can occupy the pouch at a time but as Eskimos do not have large families, the chances for at least two years of happy "rumble seat" riding are great.

Dirty But Cute

An Innuits child is possibly the dirtiest organism on two feet but when he casts one of his Mongolian smiles your way, you are compelled to admit that he is cute. . . . dark brown eyes, that sparkle from oriental orbits which tilt slightly towards the outer canthus; straight black hair, which grows abundantly and without attention; a flat

running nose frequently mopped with an unconscious stroke of a greasy skin sleeve; ruddy, weather beaten puffy cheeks, which stand out like beacons on the dusky, dirty, tanned surface of his full-moon Mongolian face; glittering white teeth, well exercised on the hip bone of a seal. His filthy skin clothes are well worn and much in need of repair or replacing but seal skins are frequently scarce and at all times precious. Dirty? — Yes, he is very dirty,—but cute. Probably he is unable to recall when he was last washed or if he has ever been washed. Cleanliness, to him, has nothing whatsoever to do with Godliness.

If one wishes to investigate further there are many concealed surprises when the little fellow sheds his outer garment. The undershirt, if there happens to be one, likely belonged to his father and has been cut down to enclose as much of the child's body as possible. It will be semi-rigid with dirt, resembling leather rather than third grade Canadian wool. Then, beneath a very definite and apparently acceptable layer of dirt, one will probably find the permanent play ground of many a tiny mite, well sheltered from the rigours of the Arctic climate.

The "Black Spot"

Over the sacrum, and blending with the general color scheme, is to be found the bluish-purple "Mongolian black spot". This is an accumulation of pigment supposedly found only on Mongols; it disappears at puberty. If your investigation should take some time, he will surely rub at some irritation present in his tangled hair, and, as is common sport with kiddies in church, will single out the offender with a peculiar bug-removing dexterity and will promptly place the insect in his mouth for added pleasure.

At church, it is common for mothers to provide their children with all the delights of the breast and the comforts of the toilet. The breast feeding is well timed to drug the infant just before

the minister commences his sermon, and at any time, a coffee or a tobacco tin may be produced for the infant's toilet requirements.

Life for the Innuït, if he survives the infant management period, is very simple—as it is with most primitive people. It implies to do merely as your father or mother did and to stand well in public favour, to take no chances, to imitate, and to keep smiling. Innovations are risky; the tried methods work, as is proven by the simple facts that he is alive. To grouch is demoralizing; life is tough enough as it is.

The Eskimo Boy

After the boy has puttered around with toy kommaticks (sleds), harnessed the pups, made his own toy whip, played at hunting, and listened at length to the many seal tales which his father has told over and over again—in other words, after he has attempted everything in miniature and has become seal minded, his real training as a HUNTER is commenced gradually and seriously. He is first allowed to go with the men on the kommatick or in the "umiak" (large boat); he is permitted to attend to the harnessing of the dogs, help with the load, examine the traps, assist in the construction of the snow igloos and to mingle freely with the best hunters, until he has learned all there is to know. Paddling the unwieldy "Kayak" (hunting boat), and hunting large game such as the Nanook (Polar Bear) and Ivik (Walrus) are later accomplishments.

When the father sees his son catch his first seal, he is overjoyed and probably informs all the camp of the achievement. Now he can be regarded as a producer, a useful Innuït ... "My son. My son".

The Eskimo Girl

An Eskimo girl, at about the age of ten, is taken over by the women and taught the simple art of tupik and husband management, in other words how to be a "good wife". This implies

to scrape, to soften and to sew the skins, to keep her koodlee (lamp) well trimmed, to have plenty of hot stew on hand, to listen patiently and with obvious admiration to the same tales of the husband's prowess, never to grumble over his failures and always praise his efforts. A husband's boots, which are apparently all important to his well being, must be kept soft and dry. "The best way to soften them, my girl, is by chewing them". These are her important duties and if she manages them well, her husband will go forth, with love in his heart, which will likely mean, plenty to eat and good skins to wear. Under these circumstances they will be happy.—"Incidentally, my young lady, you will probably bring other tiny Innuits into his land of Peetihungitoo".

"Takoo Netchill"

As a final tribute to Eskimo children, I shall tell you the story of Avanill and his two little kiddies, one aged three

and the other two. They lived in a camp about five "sleeps" (days) from Pangnirtung and during the winter, their mother died from tuberculosis. It is impossible for an Eskimo father to manage such small children and it is customary, under such conditions, to turn the youngsters over to relatives for up-bringing. Avanill and the two little kiddies started out on their journey of about 250 miles by dog team in the coldest month of the year. Each night Avanill built a snow house, which he kept warm with a koodlee. As this was a long journey it was necessary for him to hunt seal enroute. One day he left the two children sealed up in a snow house for the whole day while "Daddy went hunting". When he returned, they were huddled together, "not very cold and smiling". Suddenly their faces lit up with great joy.

"Takoo, Netchill".—(Look Daddy's got a seal).

In your children, Innuits, you shall live again.

The Icelandic Canadian

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READERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our venture.

THE EDITORS

Icelandic Poetry

By PAUL BJARNASON

It is not generally known throughout the world that in a little country on the fringe of the Arctic there flourishes a native literature that to my mind is little less than astounding.

The inhabitants of that far little country number but a scant third of the population of greater Winnipeg, and their struggle for existence has naturally been somewhat severe; yet their output of literature from year to year is far greater than that of Manitoba or any other province of the Dominion. In fact it is greater per capita, I believe, than that of any other country in the world. I refer, of course, to the island known by the ancients as Ultima Thule, now the state of Iceland—the first American Republic.

Its sons were the first white men to set foot on what is now Canadian soil, and make attempts at colonization. Furthermore, during the last sixty odd years fully a third of its people have made this country their home. The properties peculiar to that people will therefore almost inevitably reflect themselves in the melting pot of Canadian literature, a circumstance that justifies a cursory look at the prospect.

Volume in literature is of course not always the best criterion. The real question is how much of it is art. Some day that question will be answered indubitably in the court of enlightened public opinion; but firstly the reactions to a strange arrival will be manifold and diverse. The old Sagas, anonymously written by various authors shortly after the colonization period in Iceland, have already been accorded some recognition, mainly because a few of them have been translated into other languages, difficult as that is owing to idiom and the conciseness of style. But all the later works, covering the output of this and recent generations, is almost wholly unknown. A few volumes of prose

and a number of light poems, mostly lyrical, have been done into English by scholars and poets on this side of the Atlantic, the most notable of whom, perhaps, are Prof. Halldor Hermannsson, of Cornell University, Mrs. Jacobina Johnson of Seattle and Prof. Watson Kirkconnell of McMaster Univ., Ont.

Many others have made attempts to translate Icelandic poems, and with some success in odd instances; but on the whole, barring the work of the above named, the result has been rather a loss than a gain.

Prof. Kirkconnell has done more to advertise the merits of Icelandic poetry than any other Canadian, and many of his translations are remarkably good, considering the fact that he had to learn the language in a very limited time and altogether in a foreign atmosphere. It would have been no less than a miracle had he been able to grasp its "personality" and all its niceties of expression and make them his own. But that he has sensed the shortcoming is evidenced in his explanation that the spirit of Icelandic poetry, and its music, cannot be successfully displayed in another garb. No other language has the richness, construction and pliability to convey both the message and the style of the original.

Icelandic is to a marked degree systematically built up from a limited basic language and resembles Latin both in construction and in tone. It is a number of age-old root words that had acquired definite meanings through long-continued use, and is therefore self-interpretory. No one knows how many words it contains, for its elasticity of application is practically inexhaustible; and being highly inflected it is amenable to a variety of adjustments in compendious form, so apt and suitable for alliteration, epigram, proverbs and poetry.

Owing perhaps largely to this facility, Icelandic poesy has retained the rigid form and exacting rules that governed in earlier times, even in England, before the art of advertising overthrew the art of poetry. Free verse is almost unknown and alliteration is a prime requirement. And when I say alliteration I do not mean the random, hit-and-miss examples found in Tennyson and Browning. It has to be applied with strict exactness as to quantity and sequence, so as not to offend the most delicate ear. One extra alliterative sound, or one just slightly out of position, is a misdemeanor no less culpable than omission. And the same exactitude applies to meter, rhyming, rhythm and cadence. In short, there must be no false notes to mar the melody. The Icelander considers that poetry is to literature what music is to sound.

Jakobina Johnson has translated many good Icelandic poems into English and has deservedly received recognition for outstanding ability in that field. Not one of her attempts could be classed a failure, and that is saying much in view of the difficulty of the task. Being a poet in her own right she is able to bridge the lapses of language with that "something" which preserves the symmetry and saves the day. The image, if not the same, is consistent and genuine, and without a flaw.

But to my knowledge she has never attempted to preserve the Icelandic form entirely, inasmuch as she omits the alliteration. She anglicizes the product so completely that it betrays no sign of its foreign origin. That insures for it a quick and lasting welcome and may possibly be the touch that endows it with perfection. It would be, unquestionably, were the company it enters of as high a stamp (or higher), artistically, as its own. It may be that the nature and construction of the English language effectively denies the use of alliteration with taste; but in the translation of Icelandic poems I miss that feature keenly, much as if a flower-

ing plant were shorn of its adornments and left stark and bare in bleak and cold surroundings. And I note that most English authors must instinctively share that feeling, for in their prose efforts they very often resort to alliteration for effect.

In his translations Kirkconnell has used alliteration on occasion, but not very successfully, because he often fails to allocate it properly. The result, figuratively speaking, therefore is that "the cure is worse than the disease". His grasp of the Icelandic style evidently is not sufficiently secure to guard against the errors of misapplication.

Mr. T. A. Anderson, a teacher in Manitoba, has also tried alliteration in a number of specimens. While his translations on the whole are better than fair, his battle with alliteration is only about on a par with that of Kirkconnell. So the prospect of interpreting Icelandic poetry in its true garb to the English speaking world is rather discouraging.

I have made numerous attempts myself during the last twenty-five years or so, because I missed the Icelandic characteristics so much in all the output I had seen, and wanted to experiment with the problem. Some of them have appeared in print at various times, but no one has so much as commented on any of them, at least in regard to the specialty that prompted their existence. Whether it escaped notice in every instance, or was the means of lowering the merit of the product generally to an extent sufficient to force it beyond the pale of consideration, I have no means of knowing. Speaking to people about it privately has been equally unfruitful. Opinions, so far, where they exist at all, seem hopelessly divided. So I am still wondering why this particular obsession is so persistent and alive with me.

In the hope that it may arouse some kind of reaction to this question I append one specimen, which happens to be written in the old poetic style,

where near-rhyming and rhyming alternate.



NORTHERN LIGHTS

By St. G. Stephansson

Gleaming through the gloaming
Geysers weird arising
Tips the rocks with tapers,
Twos and more affusing.
Lambent rays illumine
Living bows aquiver.

Rainbows lined with lanterns
Light the way so brightly,

'Round the summits running
Rills of golden spillings.

Winter's hand in hundreds
Heaves the flares at even.
Icy cones, like candles,
Quicken till they flicker.
Spangles thrown asprinkle
Spray the night with daylight.

Glossy reaches glisten,
Glasslike to the flashes
Of the fireworks' fury
Far beyond the Arctic.

—P.B.



RUINS

From the Icelandic of F. H. BERG

Translated by Paul Bjarnason

Far up in the glen, 'neath glaciers high,
'Mid grassy slopes, with berries nigh,
In mouldering rows the ruins lie,
Bereft of former glory;
And still they tell a story.

Each spring the grass in its glad rebirth
With green blots out on the telltale
earth

The tread of men who had will and
worth

To win for themselves a living,
In an age most unforgiving.

With prowess of will and a patient hand
The pioneers toiled on the virgin land,
But lost in the race with rubble and sand
—The ruins the only witness
To tell of their faith and fitness.

They tell of a struggle brave and bold
In battle with forces new and old,
Through winter days that were dark
and cold,
While Death with their fate was trading.
The tracks in the fields are fading.

With many a ruse from meagre stocks
The mothers supplied their hungry
flocks.

They nursed their young while knitting
socks,

Through nights that were like ages.
They wove, but asked no wages.

In summer the boys and girls so gay
Would gather beside the brook to play,
Till Evening her gilded gleams would lay
On the grass, with a hand so tender;
Then stare at the starry splendor.

Those were the dreams of the days
gone by,

The days when the young would laugh
and cry

And look content at their little sky.
They left to the world no token—
The harp of their hearts had broken.

But the tiny brook that trickles past
Could tell their story from first to last;
And the pioneers' record is written fast
On rockery, field and bower,
Though battered by sun and shower.



Breaking The Ice In Iceland

By SINGLETON GATES

(Editor's Note: The following article, which we feel will be read with interest and approval by Icelanders in America, appears here by courtesy of the Civil Service Review of Ottawa in whose December issue it was published. The author is Captain G. R. Singleton Gates, M.C., the well known British journalist and writer—formerly of Ottawa. Capt. Gates served for 16 months with the British forces in Iceland. The article is therefore based on first hand observations and experiences.—J. G. J.)

"You are the lesser of the two evils". These were the words spoken by one and endorsed by many distinguished Icelandic citizens, when in May, 1940, there appeared in Reykjavik harbour, British warships and a landing party of Royal Marines and Canadian troops.

Iceland, that northern island of stern, independent people, was occupied by a nation at war—just in time to anticipate the Germans.

Then, after two years, some farewells had to be said—for the command had passed from the British forces to those of the United States of America—and the same proud Icelanders, on parting with my brother officers and myself, expressed themselves by one of their own proverbs, "Enginn veit hvað átt hefir fyr en misst hefir." (Nobody knows what he has possessed till he has lost it).

Such sentiments from intensely reserved people are full and complete proof that the British soldier of Iceland has won a moral victory. The ubiquitous Canadian and English soldiers proved themselves in that island to be the innate gentlemen they always are on foreign soil.

At the strange landing there was no hostility.

The only angry person was the German consul Gerlach, purpling with rage while his wife was burning secret documents in the bath.

Resentment and scorn by the Icelanders was evident, and coldness and disdain facially expressed. For here was a Christian nation of independent thought and action, with the oldest Parliament in the world—a race descended from the Vikings, but which had for generations known no soldiers, seen no weapon of war, wanted neither.

The nation was uniformly shy. Even the knowledge that in Canada there were thousands of their own kith and kin made not the slightest difference. "No troops wanted here" was the firm attitude.

Descending on their isolated land of great mountains and swift torrents, of deep fiords and green lush pastures of purple and red and blue lava and valleys of hot springs, came troops and guns, tanks and lorries, hundreds of motor-cars and mechanised vehicles of strange design, and then seaplanes.

Day after day on the quays at Reykjavik there were unloaded from transports rations by the ton, guns, coal, timber, petrol, more rations, more troops, more guns.

There arrived the Cameron Highlanders of Ottawa and the Mount Royal Fusiliers of Montreal and they spread out over the land from Reykjavik to the hot springs at Álafoss.

First, great tented cities arose on the plains and at the bases of the mountains to be followed ere winter came by towns of Nissen huts. The occupation was complete.

There were coastal batteries and anti-aircraft batteries which built their emplacements on the hills bordering the fiords.

Once or twice the enemy came to make a "look-see" in a Wolf-Condor, usually on a Sunday morning during church parade.

The Canadian troops did not stay long. They were restive for action and

the idea of being an army of occupation in a peaceful land was hardly to their liking. So we said goodbye to them and au revoir to our French Canadian friends. They were replaced by Territorial troops from Yorkshire, many of whom had been in the dash for the Norwegian ports . . . that dash that was just too late. And these Yorkshiremen stayed till the end when they handed over to the Americans.

There were those among the Icelandic people who knew that Britain had acted wisely and in timely fashion, yet even so the presence of soldiers was odious to the sight and discord to the quiet, lawful life of the island. The young women of the capital had nothing save cold glances for the laughing, friendly soldiers and showed outward evidence of their desire to avoid the slightest association.

Two years had passed, and those days of frigidity were forgotten. But at least we know from the Prime Minister of Iceland himself that the British forces have earned the respect and the thoughts for their good from this northern race.

The credit was due to the British soldier himself. Faced with a disdain and a coldness a little mysterious to the ordinary man, he set himself a standard of reserved friendliness and helpfulness, and as time went on there came a gradual thaw. The children began it, as children always do when soldiers are about. They walked hand in hand with these strange, kindly men in the village streets.

Their appeals for "Súkkulaði" were never in vain. In the country the troops weaved daisy chains and buttercup rings. When harvest came they helped the farmers' wives and daughters to scythe the hay and stack it.

When winter came the troops essayed to ski and floundered as every Englishman flounders in learning to control his skis, and their tosses and failures delighted the expert Icelanders. Then we had the pleasure of ski instructors from Canada, chiefly from Toronto and Winni-

peg and not only did they help the novices but took charge of the Mountain Ski troops.

In Reykjavik, the capital itself, shy friendships were being made, reserved and dignified at first, but as the citizens found that the English and the Scotch in their midst were as interested in literature and art and music as themselves (and the Icelandic standard is very high and critical), they opened their houses and their hearts as well.

That was the capital. But there was another picture. Apart from towns, Iceland is a great, grim land, sparsely populated, as large as Ireland and with but 140,000 inhabitants. All round its coast the British had to guard against invasion. Coastal watching posts were miles apart, there were strong points in the mountains to be built and guarded, there were roads to be built and maintained before the long arduous and seemingly endless Polar nights set in, illumined only by the glory of the Northern lights, for most of the men, a spectacle of strange and un-exampled beauty.

Winter was most severe. There were days of driving blizzards, others of heavy, prolonged snowfall, more of sudden thaw and even more sudden freezing, rendering roads and paths impassable to traffic.

Winds were terrific. On a February day the velocity of a gale which lasted for 40 hours was 135 miles per hour. Human form could not stand against that.

Nissen huts were blown away, store marquees wrecked, a distinguished medical officer was blown into a ditch and killed, five vessels in the port of Reykjavik were torn from their moorings and cast on shore.

There were tragedies of exposure. Men on sentry duty who died there. Men who lost their way in the darkness and were found next day. There were those N.C.O.'s and men of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry who perished in a blizzard.

Added to these dangers were boredom and loneliness.

But then the arrival of the United States Marines, to be followed by the visit of the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, was a terrific tonic. It was not till the early spring of last year that large forces of American troops arrived and the command passed. But life had become more tolerable. More and more wireless sets arrived, E.N.S.A. parties appeared and toured the island, units formed their own concert parties, mobile cinemas lightened the load. And the nights of watching slowly passed till spring came again and leave.

Those of us who have spent two years in this outpost are immeasurably grateful to the British Navy. Some thousands of men have been escorted home on a generous leave, and though there have been attacks, there has never been a single casualty.

Officers and men of the Iceland force who are now in their own land have a story to tell of Iceland which may sound strange telling in the ears of those to whom the place was merely a frozen island in the north.

They tell of the great fishing fleets, of the vast catches of cod and herring, of the great fish drying ground in the open, of the huge canning factories for lobster and shrimp.

In the north they tell of the great flocks of sheep grazing in the highlands and mountains in the summer brought down to shelter for the winter. They can tell of a land of terrific and massive beauty, of the great gorges and swift rivers, where they have caught—and, I fear, trapped—huge salmon and sea trout.

They have seen incredibly lovely dawns which have stirred their senses of color and power, while sunsets have left them shaken with the vibration of vision. Those who have lived near the mountains have known the sense of grandeur and vast silence.

Guarding the capital is the great looming height of Esja, "the ever changing mountain." So true it is, for Esja never appears the same, not once in two years have I seen Esja the same—grim snow clad, green in sunshine, smothered in mist.

But for the troops who have served in Iceland there can never be change for the affection which has arisen between them and a people who at first neither comprehended our actions, nor understanding our natures, shook us at parting by the hand saying: "Takk fyrir síðast." (Thank you for the last time we met).

And so farewell to Iceland.

The Icelandic Canadian

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Merit Rewarded

Laura Goodman Salverson, whose retirement from the editorial board of this magazine is announced elsewhere in this issue, has won outstanding recognition as a writer.

Many years ago when she was just a small girl, so the story goes, she stood before the keeper of books in a public library. It was her first visit and she looked with veneration and awe at the many volumes that marched in endless rows around the walls.

Actually, this daughter of Icelandic parents was looking at far horizons, for then and there, she announced to the Librarian that she intended to write books herself when she grew up. Let the Librarian smile her indulgent smile. She could overlook that, knowing that the woman only **handled** books while she herself would someday **create** them.

She seems to have wasted little time in getting to work. At twelve she had a story published in a Mississippi newspaper!

A burning desire to clothe in words the tumultuous thoughts which crowded her mind has always been part of her. Disappointments and difficulties, which at times come to all writers, she took in her stride.

She had embraced a profession where words are merely the tools of her craft, their meaning and use a matter of mechanics and hard work; could she make them into a living message for other people? If perseverance and industriousness counted she had both and to spare.

So this determined young person wrote wherever she was, under all sorts of conditions—developing her skill. She wrote throughout the years of none-too-robust girlhood; through years of schooling and of work; through wifehood and motherhood and the demands of a household. Her pen raced along with the years.

Mrs. Salverson is still in her prime



LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

and she already has to her credit at least ten novels, over one hundred short stories, a volume of verse and a variety of articles. Twice she has won the literary award founded by the late Lord Tweedsmuir. In 1937, it was conferred on her for her novel "The Dark Weaver"—a fast moving story of life among Norse settlers; in 1938, her "Confessions of an Immigrant's Daughter" took the award.

A further Canadian honor came to her in 1940 when she won recognition in the general literature class. Also, the "Institute of Arts and Letters", Paris, France, sent her a gold medal in 1938, "for maintaining a high standard in her writing over a period of years". On the reverse side of this medal are her initials—ringed within a wreath of laurel leaves.

This is an impressive list of honors but the possibilities are by no means exhausted. This country is still waiting for the "all-Canadian novel" which will typify the Dominion—a novel rooted in pioneer history, pulsing with struggle and gigantic development—it's essence, the consciousness that a polyglot people are being well and truly welded into a united nation!

Here indeed is a challenge to the skill of a dauntless craftsman.

S.J.S.

ESSAY CONTEST

on

"Iceland Becomes a Republic"

★

The summer issue of this magazine will be dedicated to **Iceland**. This island-cradle of freedom and literary lore, will, on June seventeenth next, formally sever all remaining ties with Denmark and assume the full powers of a sovereign state in its own right.

In view of the significance of this historic step to the democratic peoples of the world at large, and to stimulate interest, especially among young people of Icelandic extraction, the Editors of the Icelandic Canadian have initiated this contest. The winning essays will appear in the June issue.

Here are a few pointers which may be of help to writers:

Over a thousand years ago, our forefathers settled in Iceland in order that they might live as free men.

How far did they succeed in finding the type of life they wanted?

What causes checked that freedom?

Was the love of freedom lost in the centuries of hardship and suffering?

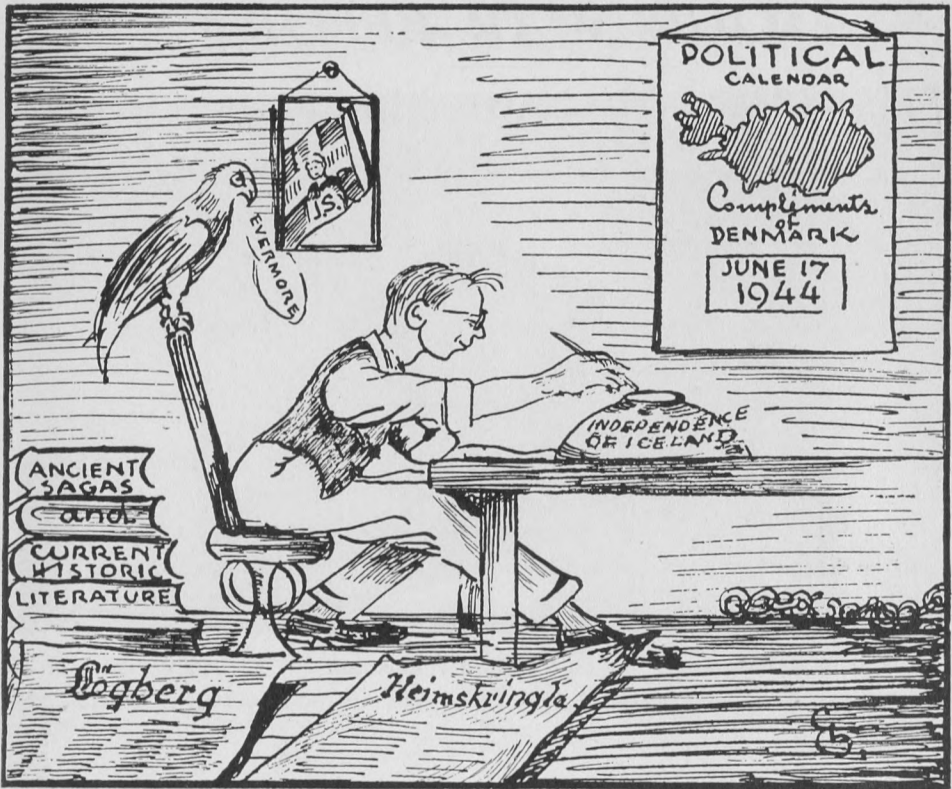
The literature of Iceland — the sagas — what part, if any, did they play in keeping the flame of freedom burning?

To what was the life of Jón Sigurdsson devoted? What special honor is done his memory by the choice of June 17th as "Independence Day"?

Does the fact that Iceland becomes a republic once more, without the firing of a single shot, mean anything special to you?

Think it over. Put your thoughts down in your own words. You may approach the subject from any angle and in any way, but what you say must be your own.

The rules are simple and some source material is indicated in the accompanying cartoon by Gissur Eliasson.



RULES:

1. Contest is open to young people, anywhere, under 20 years of age;
2. Essay must not exceed 1,500 words;
3. It must be mailed to the secretary — GISSUR ELIASSON, 890 DOMINION STREET, WINNIPEG, CANADA, not later than May 1, 1944;
4. It must be legibly written, or typed, on one side of the paper only;
5. Essays will be judged on literary merit and authenticity of material used;
6. **First Prize \$25.00, second prize \$15.00.**

The judges, whose decision will be final, are:

Mr. J. J. Bildfell
Miss Salome Halldorson, B.A.
Professor Skuli Johnson

OUR WAR EFFORT

Three From Minneota, Minnesota, U.S.A.



Cpl. K. L. Ousman

Y 1st C Lillian V. Ousman

Pte. D. W. Ousman



KENNETH LEE OUSMAN, a corporal in the United States Army, was born on Sept. 17, 1921 at Minneota, Minn. He was inducted on June 10, 1942. He attended technical schools at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri and Lincoln, Neb.; then took a specialty course for instruments at Chanute Field, Ill. He received further training at Fresno, Cal.; then was assigned to the 396th Bomb. Squadron at the Municipal Airport in Sacramento, Cal. He left for overseas duty in October, 1943, serving in the Central Pacific.



LILLIAN VIVIDALE OUSMAN, Y 1st C, is in the W.A.V.E.'s. She was born on Sept. 4, 1912 at Minneota, Minn. She was inducted on March 3, 1943, and received her "boat-training" at Hunter College in New York. She is now at the Bureau of Ordnance in Washington, D.C.



DONALD WARREN OUSMAN, a private in the United States Army, was born on July 7, 1915 at Minneota, Minn. He was inducted on Nov. 10, 1942. A member of the 22nd Medical Training Regiment, he received his training at Camp Jos. T. Robinson, Ark. He was later transferred to Pittsburg, Calif. He left for overseas duty in July, 1943 and is now serving in India.



**SONS AND DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. JOHANN (JOHN) OUSMAN AND
SIGRIDUR OUSMAN, OF MINNEOTA, MINNESOTA**

Five Brothers From Edmonton, Alta.



Sgt. Chas. E. Hope Harry G. Hope Sgt.-Maj. L. Hope Cpl. L. J. Hope

★

SGT. CHAS. E. HOPE—Enlisted September 1939, 1st Batt. Edmonton Fusiliers, now stationed in Sussex, N. B.

★

HARRY GOODMAN HOPE—Enlisted September 1939, Royal Canadian Artillery, Edmonton, Alta.

★

SGT.-MAJOR LEONARD HOPE—Enlisted September 1939, R.C.A.M.C.—C.A. (A.), Edmonton Military Hospital, Edmonton, Alta.

★



CPL. LAWRENCE J. HOPE—Enlisted January 1940, 1st Batt. Royal Canadian Engineers. Overseas since May, 1940.

★

SGT.-MAJOR CLIFFORD HOPE—49th Batt. Edmonton C. A. Was in army before outbreak of war.

★

**THEY ARE THE SONS OF THE LATE
LAWRENCE HOPE AND MRS GUDRUN
GOODMAN HOPE OF EDMONTON,
ALBERTA**

Sgt.-Major Clifford Hope

★

THREE OFFICERS

★



PAY LIEUT. THOMAS L. BRANDSON

Born June 28, 1915, Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. in June, 1940. Went on active service in March, 1941, was stationed at Naval headquarters in Ottawa from 1941—1944. Embarked for overseas Jan. 1944. Is serving on a Canadian destroyer with the home port in England. Graduated in Arts and Commerce from the University of Manitoba. Is the son of Dr. and Mrs. B. J. Brandson, Winnipeg, Man.

★

Pay-Lieut. Thos. L. Brandson

FLYING OFFICER SKAPTI ARASON

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Oli S. Arason of Glenboro, Man., was born June 9, 1919. He received his education in Glenboro and took two years Agriculture at the University of Manitoba. Prior to enlisting he farmed with his parents at Glenboro. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. August, 1941. Took his training in Weyburn, Regina, Virden and Brandon. Graduating as Pilot in January, 1943. Went to Prince Edward Island for a ten weeks course and left for overseas April 29, 1943. Is now serving in England.



F.O. Skapti Arason

★



Fl.-Lieut. Th. V. Johnson

FLIGHT-LIEUT. THORARIN (TOM) V. JOHNSON

Born March 25, 1907, at Minnewakan, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. August 1941. Embarked for overseas November 1942. Is serving as an equipment officer with the R.C.A.F. in England. Graduated in Arts from the University of Manitoba in the spring of 1928. He is the son of the late Sigurdur and Gudrun Johnson, Minnewakan P.O., Manitoba.

THREE OFFICERS

★

FLYING OFFICER EMIL EYJOLFSON

Born at Langruth, Man., Jan. 15, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in September 1941. Graduated at Dauphin, Man., in November, 1942. Went overseas in June, 1943. Prior to enlisting he was employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Agust Eyjolfson of Otto, Manitoba.



F.O. Emil Eyjolfson

★



Lieut. Gordon Alex Paulson

LIEUT. GORDON ALEX PAULSON

Born in Winnipeg, May 2, 1923. Joined the reserve unit of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders in 1942, was recommended for commission and trained in the Officer's Training Centres of Three Rivers, Que., and Camp Shilo, Man. He graduated in February, 1943. He was sent as instructor to Fort William, Ont. Went overseas with the selective personnel as reinforcement officer to his unit in December 1943. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Paulson, 351 Home St., Winnipeg.

★

LIEUT. FREDERICK BERGMANN PAULSON

Born in Winnipeg, Man., June 23, 1918. Qualified for his commission with the University of Manitoba C.O.T.C. He was assistant recruiting officer for the Royal Winnipeg Rifles from September, 1939. Went overseas in August, 1941, and was carrier officer to the unit until he transferred to a reconnaissance regiment in the fall of 1942. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Paulson, 351 Home St., Winnipeg, Man.



Lieut. F. E. Paulson

THREE OFFICERS



Sqn.-Ldr. S. L. Sigurdson

FL.-LIEUT. MAGNUS GUDLAUGUR MAGNUSSON

Born at Lundar, Man., Nov. 2, 1919. Graduated from Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, 1935. Enlisted in R. C. A. F. February, 1941. Trained at Toronto, London and Aylmer, Ont., where he graduated and received his commission and wings in October, 1941, after which he served as Staff Pilot at Rivers, Man., until going overseas in October, 1942. He has since served in England and India, at present is in England and has had two promotions overseas. His parent are Mr. and Mrs. Jónatan Magnússon, formerly of Lundar and Winnipeg.



Lieut. Lorne McNab Campbell

SQD.-LDR. SIGURBJORN LAXDAL SIGURDSON

Graduated from the Winnipeg Flying School in 1935 as a pilot. In 1937 joined the Royal Air Force and went to England in May of that year. Since war broke out he has served, first on Coastal Patrol, then ferried bombers to Finland during the Russo-Finnish war, and later on active service during the battle of France and Dunkirk, making 26 raids over enemy territory. In January, 1941, he was sent to Canada as an instructor at Moose Jaw and Weyburn, Sask., and Nova Scotia. He returned to England in 1943. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sigurdson of Mozart, Sask., and is 32 years of age.

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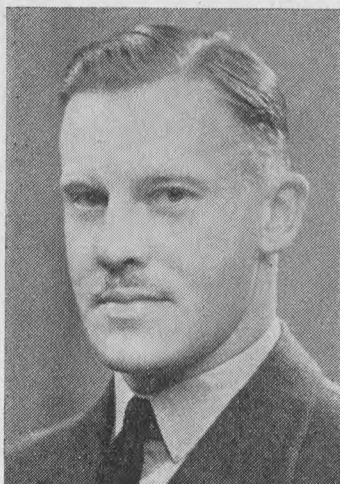
Fl.-Lieut. M. G. Magnusson

*

Prisoner of War

LIEUT. LORNE McNAB CAMPBELL

Born in Winnipeg, Man., August 23, 1917. He enlisted in the United States Army in January, 1941. Took his training at Fort Meade, S. Dak., and Fort Robinson, Nebraska. Embarked for service in the Philippines in July 1941. He was at Corregidor, on General Wainwright's staff, when Bataan fell. Was reported as missing, but later reported as prisoner. He received his high school education at Casselton, N. Dak., and is a graduate of the North Dakota Agricultural College at Fargo. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne C. Campbell of Casselton, N. Dak. Mrs. Campbell was, prior to her marriage, Rose McNab, adopted daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Herman Herman of Winnipeg, Man.



Flt.-Lieut. Stefan N. Johnson



Pte. Marvin Ellard Johnson

FLIGHT-LIEUT. STEFAN NIKULAS JOHNSON—Born at Kristnes, Sask., Feb. 6, 1910. Graduated from the Winnipeg Flying School, with a Pilot's Certificate in 1935. In May, 1937, he enlisted with the Royal Air Force, and went to England. When war broke out he became a Test Pilot and is now in charge of a Testing Crew.

PTE. MARVIN ELLARD JOHNSON—Born at Mozart, Sask., Nov. 14, 1916. Enlisted with the P.P.C.L.I. July, 1940. Trained in Winnipeg and was transferred to the Regina Rifles and went overseas in August, 1941. He is a member of the regimental band and orchestra.

SONS of Mr. PETER N. JOHNSON and the LATE Mrs. JOHNSON of ELFROS, Sask.



L.A.C. Stefan H. Stefansson



Pte. Eggert Stefansson

L.A.C. STEFAN H. STEFANSSON—Born Dec. 18, 1914 at Lundar, Man. Enlisted April 19, 1943, in the R.C.A.F. Now stationed at Rivers, Man.

PTE. EGGERT STEFANSSON—Born April 9, 1923 in Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted June 5, 1943 in Royal Winnipeg Rifles. Went overseas Aug. 15, 1943. Now in England.

SONS of Mr. and Mrs. GUDMUNDUR STEFANSSON, 1124 Dominion St., Winnipeg.



Lieut. G. D. Breckman



Jón Edward Breckman

LIEUT. GORDON DOUGLAS BRECKMAN—Born in Winnipeg July 10, 1921. Enlisted in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals June 8, 1942. Trained at Brockville and Kingston. Embarked for Kiska July 11, 1943. Returned Jan. 4, 1944.

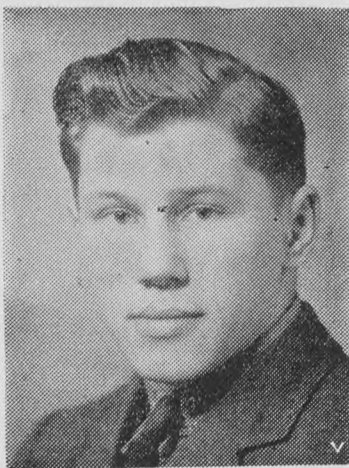
JÓN EDWARD BRECKMAN—Born at Lundar, Man., Nov. 13, 1923. Enlisted Aug. 19, 1943 and is now taking army course No. 2 at the University of Toronto.

These boys are the 3rd generation to serve in the Canadian Forces.

SONS OF MR. and MRS. E. BRECKMAN, 646 BEVERLEY ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.



L.-Cpl. Victor Otto Jonasson



Sgt. Leonard Norman Jonasson

L.-CPL. VICTOR OTTO JONASSON—Born in Winnipeg May 14, 1924, and received his education at Assiniboine School and St. James Collegiate. Enlisted with R.C.O.C. Jan. 1941, trained at Winnipeg, Camp Shilo; at present stationed in Barriefield.

SGT. LEONARD NORMAN JONASSON—Reported missing April 17, 1943 and presumed dead in Oct. 1943. Born in Winnipeg, Jan. 17, 1926. Educated at Assiniboine School and St. James Collegiate. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Aug. 1942. Trained as Air Gunner at MacDonald and graduated in Dec. 1942, proceeding overseas the following month.

Sons of MRS. ASA JONASSON and the late OTTO JONASSON of Winnipeg, Man.

THREE FJELSTED BOYS



W.O. Thor Fjelsted



Gnr. Asgeir Fjelsted



O.S. Hermann Fjelsted

★

SONS OF
INGUNN FJELSTED
OF
ARBORG, MAN.,
AND THE LATE
CAPT. ASGEIR FJELSTED

★

WARRANT OFFICER THOR FJELSTED—Born November 9th, 1913. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in October, 1941. Went overseas October, 1942.

GUNNER ASGEIR FJELSTED—Born August 29, 1915. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in June, 1942. Embarked for overseas in September, 1943.

ORDINARY SEAMAN HERMANN FJELSTED—Born May 2, 1912. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R in 1942. Posted to Cornwallis, N. S., Feb. 1944.

Father, Two Sons and a Daughter

★



Pte. G. Johanneson



Bdr. W. G. Johanneson

Father, two sons and a daughter serving with the armed forces. Pte. G. Johanneson, the father, is in the Veterans Guard of Canada and served in France in the last war with the 60th and 87th battalions. Bdr. Johanneson enlisted with the 15th Light Anti Aircraft Battery in August, 1940, and is now serving overseas. Cpl. G. F. Johanneson enlisted with the Royal Winnipeg Rifles in June, 1940, and has been overseas since 1941. Their sister A.W. R. F. Johanneson, joined the air force (W.D.) in January, 1943, and is now a postal clerk in the R.C.A.F., Vancouver.



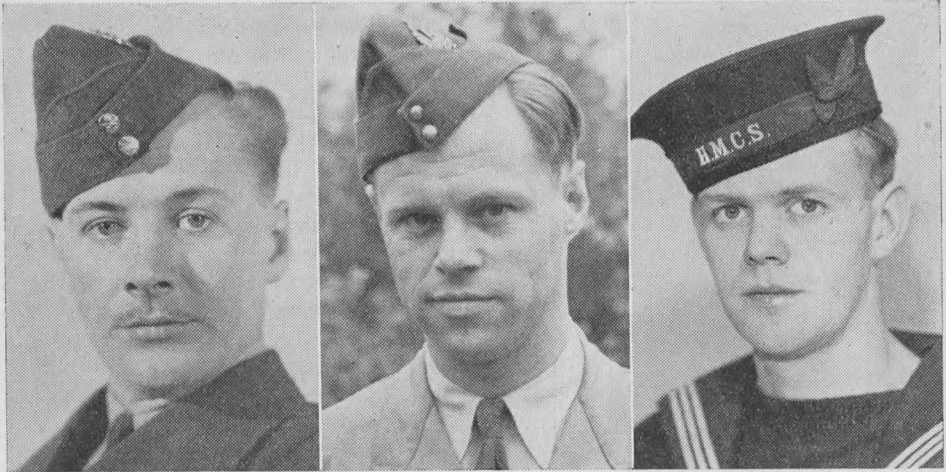
Cpl. G. F. Johanneson



A.M. R. F. Johanneson

THREE DALMAN BOYS

*

**L.A.C. Frank N. Dalman****L.-Cpl. H. C. G. Dalman****Coder Ari S. Dalman**

*

L.A.C. FRANK N. DALMAN—Born in Winnipeg June 24, 1916. Enlisted with the Royal Canadian Air Force Aug. 1942. He is now stationed at Brandon.

*

LANCE CORPORAL HERMAN C. G. DALMAN—Born in Prince Albert, Sask., Feb. 28, 1914. Enlisted with the R.C.C.S. Nov. 1940. Is stationed at Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.

*

CODER ARI S. DALMAN—Born Nov. 18, 1918 in Winnipeg, Man. Joined the Royal Canadian Navy May 1942. Now on active service on British destroyer.

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F.O. FREDERICK J. HJARTARSON



F.O. F. J. Hjartarson



SGT. HUGH LAWRENCE LAXDAL

son of Mrs. and Mrs. J. Laxdal, Saltcoats, Sask., previously reported missing, is now reported killed on active service in July, 1943. He was 25 years old and before joining the air force was employed by Primary Products Ltd., Winnipeg. He won first place in his bombing class at Paulson and second at the wireless school. He arrived in England in December, 1941. He has three brothers in the air force: W.O. Alec Laxdal, Sgt.-Gnr. Bruce Laxdal and John, a mechanic.



Sgt. Hugh L. Laxdal

P.O. W. H. EAGER — Little over a month after he was awarded the D.F.C. P.O. W. H. Eager, son of Mrs. Johanna Eager, 151 Ferndale Ave., Norwood, was reported killed in action.

SGT. CLARENCE NORRIS MAGNUSSON, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. G. Magnusson, 145 Evanson St., Winnipeg, Man., has been reported missing and presumed dead.

Their pictures have appeared in previous issues.

Local News and Club Activities

The 25th Annual Convention of the Icelandic National League of America was held on February 21, 22, and 23, 1944. The highlight of the Convention was the presence of His Grace The Bishop of Iceland, Sigurgeir Sigurðsson, as a representative of the Icelandic Government. Those who were fortunate enough to meet the Bishop and talk to him, were immediately charmed by his personality, his friendliness, his utter disregard of social status. It was noted that the lowliest of us had his undivided attention, as well as those on the top of the ladder. The influence of Sigurgeir Sigurðsson, long after he has returned to Iceland, will be felt by all of us.

The opening evening, sponsored by the Icelandic Canadian Club, featured Dr. Arni Helgason, Chicago, who gave a very interesting lecture on Iceland, illustrated by Icelandic pictures, taken by Dr. Helgason a few years ago.

The second evening was sponsored by "Fron". The Bishop of Iceland made his first appearance—and was the speaker of the evening.

The last evening of the Convention took the form of a Banquet and Dance, held at the Marlborough Hotel, commemorating the 25th Anniversary of the League. Dr. Richard Beck, President of the League was Chairman. The Bishop in his own charming style, brought greetings from the Government of Iceland.

Asmundur Benson, B.A., LL.B., Bottineau, North Dakota, addressed us on "Iceland's Contribution to North American Culture".

Rev. V. J. Eylands spoke on the work of the League during the past 25 years.

Altogether this 25th Convention of the Icelandic National League of America, will long be remembered by us all, for the outstanding speakers, the musical items and the friendliness shown to one and all.

L. S.

The future of this magazine, its aims and objects were seriously discussed at a dinner, given March 2, in honor of The Most Reverend Sigurgeir Sigurðsson, bishop of Iceland, by Judge Walter J. Lindal at his home. Those privileged to meet His Grace, were the members of the magazine staff together with the president of the Icelandic Canadian Club, Mrs. H.F. Danielson and Rev. V. J. Eylands, vice-president of the Icelandic National League.

Judge Lindal outlined the history of the magazine and emphasized that it was trying to reach young people of Icelandic extraction who do not speak the Icelandic language in the hope of stimulating their interest in their rich Icelandic cultural heritage. This could not be done through any medium couched only in Icelandic.

His Grace disclosed intimate knowledge of the difficulties attendant on a venture of this kind, having launched into the publishing business himself at one time. He contributed valuable suggestions and pointed out that English is now being taught throughout the schools of Iceland, except in the primary grades, and that its study has been greatly stimulated by the presence of an English-speaking army.

It might be of mutual benefit, he thought, to try to increase the circulation of the magazine in Iceland. It might, for instance, be welcomed by students as extra curricular reading.

Reports presented by officers showed the magazine to be in a healthy state financially, with a rapidly expanding circulation both in Canada and the United States.

—S. J. S.

★ ★ ★

On Friday, March 3, the Icelandic people of Winnipeg gathered together in the First Lutheran Church to bid farewell to Bishop Sigurgeir Sigurðsson who left the following day for

North Dakota. During the evening presentations were made to His Grace by the Icelandic National League and other organizations.

The Icelandic Canadian Club welcomed the opportunity to tender to the bishop a Life Membership in the club, which he graciously accepted. The newly elected president, Holmfridur Danielson, called upon to perform her first official duty, presented the Life Membership scroll. In her remarks, in faultless Icelandic, and delivered with poise and dignity, Mrs. Danielson pointed out how essential it was to have distinguished men from the old country come to America and contact the young people of Icelandic extraction whose perspective was Canadian and American rather than Icelandic. The visit of the Bishop, because of the charm of his personality and the eminence of his office, had brought these people closer to Iceland. His ready acceptance of a life membership will, she said, be an encouragement to these young people in their desire to become better

acquainted with a people who are of their own kith and kin, the people of Iceland.

★ ★ ★

The annual meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club was held on Sunday evening, January 23, 1944 in the Antique Tea Rooms.

Officers for the current year were elected as follows:

President: Holmfridur Danielson

Vice Pres: W. S. Jonasson

Secretary: Mattie Halldorson

Treasurer: S. Eydal

Members at large: Steina Johnson, Mrs. A. Blondal, Mrs. John Thordarson, H.J. Lindal, Gunnar Thordarson.

Social Convenor: T. Ruby Couch

Auditor: John Thordarson

The Social Committee, headed by Mrs. Couch, includes the following: K. Finnson, Helga Eggertson, Laura Thordarson, Anna Anderson.

Dr. L.A. Sigurdson continues to head the membership Committee.

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Letters From Boys and Girls Overseas

The Icelandic Canadian will be glad to publish letters and excerpts from letters written by our young men and women who are serving overseas in the various theatres of war. Many of these letters contain items which are of general interest and express thoughts which are revealing to us all. It will be deemed a favour if those who are receiving such letters send them to the editorial board. Personal passages will be omitted.

We are happy to publish a part of a letter written by FO. Harold Blondal, serving with the R. A. F. in India, to his father Dr. August Blondal of Winnipeg.

Dear Dad.

... I must relate what has happened the past few weeks. It has in a way made up for or alleviated some of the recent boredom. Andy Whyte (one of my chums from Toronto) and I went to Darjeeling for a bit of leave. Have you got a map handy — it's in the foothills of the Himalayas. Well, we weren't content just to sit and rest — we wanted to see some of this forbidden country. On the map you'll see that Darjeeling is on the border of three different states, Sikkam, Nepal and Tibet, Darjeeling being in North British territory.

We scouted around and mustered up some Nepalese coolies, a tent and plenty of grub (beans and bully beef). We wanted to see Mount Everest, 29,002 feet. From Darjeeling, 6,000 feet, the great Kinchenjunga can be seen about 50 miles away—it is 28,000 feet. It takes your breath away just to look at it.

One beautiful cool morning we set out—it looked like the real thing, we two walking along in high leather boots with loaded coolies following in our wake. On the evening of the first day we reached Jarepockri, about 8,000 feet, completely exhausted. Gurkin, our chief coolie. (a Guarka—one of India's fighting men) was a marvelous cook. He made us Dahl soup, steaming hot, chai (Indian tea) and potatoes, bully beef and beans. He spoke not a word of English. Andy and I had to get along on our very poor Urdu dialect.

The next day we made Tonglu, on the border of Nepal, elevation 11,000 feet. It was bitterly cold up there in the evening and when Gurkin woke

up at 0600 hours to see the sun rise on Kinchenjunga, our blankets were covered with ice. But it was worth it. You would have gone into raptures just to see that sight. I wish I had your genius in art, but maybe the photographs will make up some of it. It is useless to describe them in words. They leave you speechless.

On the third day, after climbing down, up, down, up for twenty miles we stopped exhausted at Sundakfu, elevation 13,000 feet. When we arrived just before sunset we were bathed in a pea soup mist so nothing could be seen. But in the morning we saw the sun rise on Everest. I could have cried, it was so magnificent. Now I know why men risk their lives to try to climb it. We felt the urge that morning. But no one has ever succeeded. (Even Kinchenjunga has never been conquered. The top of this one consists of 2,000 feet of razor backed saddle—no wonder) That was as close as we got to Everest. From the same pinnacle we looked down into Tibet—that completely mysterious place. But again we hadn't the time nor money for a trek into Tibet. But I shall never forget just seeing it. As far as the eye could reach—mountains—snowcapped—the mean elevation of Tibet is over 12,000 feet, with some of the peaks well over 27,000. We have it all figured out for next time. Five days trek to the border, and then twenty-eight days to Thasa—a city almost completely untouched by this bloody awful civilization of ours. (This trek to Tibet is only a pipe dream, damn it.)

Well, to shorten this laborious letter,

we came back to Darjeeling by a different route, going through places such as Phaloot, Rimkick, Jellu, peculiar names, aren't they? But as musical as a harp. We lived partially of the land on the latter part of our journey—-we drank milk from the yak, sucked sugar cane whilst walking, drank native tea, etc. Picked up a few rocks here and there—good looking quartz, also some likely looking gravel from some river stream. Just for foolishness sake I'll get some acid to see if any of the old yellow lucre is to be had.

We arrived back in Darjeeling as brown as berries, twice as healthy and with beautiful beards. . . .

It is an experience I shall never forget. If only all India was like this

But here we are, back on sweaty old plains, insects, disease, longing for another sight of those rocky beauties. There was no war up there; the natives a much kinder and happier people. I feel sort of content however, because years ago I used to say—"I'll see Tibet some day". So now, when I get a little despondent I just say over to myself names such as Tonglu, Lindakfu, Kinchenjunga, Thasam, etc.

Maybe I'm nuts—but it's a long time—going on three years, since I've seen really happy people like that. Maybe soon I'll see even happier ones, way out in Winnipeg. . . .

Your lonely son,
Harold.

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Tomorrow Can Be Lovely

By EMILIA PALMA

I.

Tomorrow can be lovely if we win the war today
The task is great, we'll face it now, without undue dismay.
The gods of war have walked again, and all the nations quake
For all we love and cherish here is burning at the stake.
Our sons will see their comrades fall and brave the cannon's roar
So hope may reign and peace abound on earth forever more.

II.

Our qualities of mercy have been nurtured to a state
Where ruthlessness is frowned upon, yet such is our fate
That anger and our bayonets will have to tear and foil
'Till every port and harbor, every inch of cherished soil
Will be wrested from those devils who have no basic awe
For human life and gladness, liberty and decent law.

III.

All liberty thru the ages past has been dearly bought
For every grain of freedom won, great battles have been fought.
All our fathers gave to us is on the altar now
And so in humblest prayer, O, Lord, our lowly heads we bow,
To ask that Thou wilt lead us thru the strains and stress and sin
And the thousand gory battle fields this perilous war to win.

IV.

And when the war is ended and the peace again has come,
We pray our heroes of the fray and those the battles won
Will humbly seek Your guidance so the treaty they will write
Will hold in check the men of hate and men of wanton might,
And breath of love will give, so all humanity can say,
Tomorrow will be lovely for we won the war today.

A Dry Spell

By EINAR HJÖRLEIFSON KVARAN

Translated by Jakobina Johnson

It had rained for a fortnight—not heavily all the time but a fog had sullenly hung about the mountain tops, clinging to the atmosphere and rendering the whole of existence a dull gray color. Every little while it would discharge a fine drizzle of rain or a heavy shower down upon the hay and everything else on earth, so that only the stones would occasionally be dry—but the grass never.

We were tired of the store—indeed I should like to know who would have enjoyed it. It dated back to the beginning of last century, a tarred, coal-black, ramshackle hut. The windows were low and small, the windowpanes diminutive. The ceiling was low. Everything was arranged in such a way as to exclude the possibility of lofty flights of thought or vision.

Just now not a living soul looked in—not even those thriftless fellows who lived by chance jobs in the village and met in daily conclave at the store. We had often cursed their lengthy visits, but now that they had hired out during the haymaking, we suddenly realized that they had often been entertaining. They had made many amusing remarks and brought us news of the neighborhood. And now we cursed them for their absence.

We sat there and smoked, staring vacantly at the half-empty shelves, and all but shivering in the damp room. There was no heater in the store at any season, and the one in the office, if used, emitted spurts of smoke through every aperture except the chimney. It had not been cleaned since sometime during the winter, and we were not ambitious enough for such an undertaking in the middle of the summer.

We tried to transfer our thoughts from the store to the world outside. We made clever comments to the effect

that the farmers were now getting plenty of moisture for the hay-fields, and that it would be a pity if rain should set in now, right at the beginning of the haying season. We had nothing further to say on the subject, but this we repeated from day to day. In short, we were depressed and at outs with things in general. Until the dry spell.

One morning, about nine o'clock, the bank of fog began to move. First there appeared an opening about the size of your hand, and through it the eastern sky showed a bright blue. Then another opening, and through it shone the sun.

We knew what this was called, and we said to each other: "Merely a 'morning promise'"—implying, nothing reliable. But it was more. The fog began to show thinner and moved faster along the mountain ridge opposite. Then it gathered in a deep pass and lay there heaped up like newly carded, snowy wool. On either side, the mountains loomed a lovely blue, and in their triumph ignored the fog almost completely. When we ventured a look through the doorway of the store, there was nothing to be seen overhead save the clear, blue sky and the sunshine.

On the opposite shore of the fjord the people looked to us like the cairns out on the moorlands, only these tiny cairns moved in single file about the hay-fields. I seemed to smell the sweet hay in the homefields, but of course this was only imagination. I also fancied I could hear the maids laughing, especially one of them. I would willingly have sacrificed a good deal to be over there helping her dry the hay. But of this subject no more; I did not intend to write a love story—at least, not in the ordinary sense of the word.

The dry spell lasted. We, the clerks took turns at staying out of doors as

much as possible, and "drinking deeply of the golden fount of sunshine."

In the afternoon of the third day, I dropped in at the doctor's. I felt somewhat weary with walking—and idleness—and looked forward to the doctor's couch and conversation.

"A cigar?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, a cigar," I told him. "I have smoked only six today."

"Beer or whiskey and water," queried the doctor.

"A small drink of whiskey," I replied.

I lit my cigar, inhaling deeply of its fragrance in so doing—then exhaling through my mouth and nostrils. I sighed with contentment; the cigar was excellent.

Then we began to drink the whiskey and water at our leisure. I reclined against the head of the couch, stretched out my feet, was conscious of a luxurious sensation—and sent my thoughts for a moment across the fjord, where they preferred to remain.

The doctor was in high spirits. He talked about the Japanese and Russians, the most recently discovered rays, and the latest disclosures on how it felt to die.

My favorite pastime is to listen to others speaking. I never seem able to think of any topic worthy of conversation myself, but I am almost inclined to say that my ability to listen amounts

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to an art. I can remain silent with an air of absorbing interest and once in a while offer brief comment, not to set forth an opinion or display any knowledge—for I have none to spare—but merely to suggest new channels to the speaker and introduce variety, that he may not tire of hearing himself speak.

I felt extremely comfortable on the couch. I thought it particularly entertaining to hear the doctor tell how it felt to die. There is always something pleasantly exciting about death—when it is reasonably far away from you. It seemed so beautifully far away from the perfume of the tobacco-smoke, the flavour of whiskey, and the restfulness of the couch; and when my mind wandered to her across the fjord—as wander it would in spite of my studied attention—then death seemed so far off shore that I could scarcely follow the description of how it felt to others to die.

In the midst of this dreamy contentment and deluge of information from the doctor, the door was somewhat hastily thrown open. I was looking the other way and thought it must be one of the doctor's children.

But it was old man Thord from the Bend.

I knew him well. He was over fifty, tall and large-limbed, with a hoary shock of hair and a snub nose. I knew

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he had a host of children—I had been at his door once, and they had run, pattered, waddled, crept and rolled through the doorway to gape at me. It had seemed as hopeless to try to count them as a large flock of sheep. I knew there was no income except what the old man and woman—and possibly the elder children—managed to earn from day to day. My employer in Copenhagen had strictly forbidden us to give credit to such—and of course he now owed us more than he would ever be able to pay.

"He does not even knock—the old ruffian," I said to myself.

From his appearance, something was wrong. His face was unnaturally purplish, his eyes strangely shiny—yet dull withal. It even seemed to me that his legs shook under him.

"Can it be that the old devil is tipsy—at the height of the haying season—and dry weather at that?" I mentally queried.

The doctor evidently could not recall who he was.

"Good-day to you, my man," he said "and what matters have you in hand?"

"I merely came to get those four crowns."

"Which four crowns?" asked the doctor.

Thor raised his voice: "The four crowns you owe me."

A. S. Bardal

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It was now evident that it was difficult for him to remain standing.

I felt assured that the old rascal had been drinking like a fish. I was surprised. I had never heard he was inclined that way. He lived out there on the hillside a short distance above the village. I began to wonder where he had been able to obtain so much liquor—certainly not from us at the store.

"What is your name?" asked the doctor.

"My name? Don't you know my name? Don't you know me?—Thord—Thord of the Bend. I should best of all like to get the money at once."

"Yes that's so—you are Thord of the Bend," said the doctor. "And you are up? But listen, my good man, I owe you nothing. You owe me a small sum—but that does not matter in the least."

"I care nothing about that, but I should best of all like to get the money at once," repeated Thord.

"May I feel your hand for a minute?" said the doctor.

Thor extended his hand, but it seemed to me that he did not know it. He looked into space, as if thinking of other things—or rather as if he had no thoughts whatever. I saw the doctor's fingers on his wrist.

"You are a sick man," he said.

"Sick?—Yes—of course I am sick. Am

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I then to pay you four crowns? I haven't got them now."

"It makes no difference about those four crowns, but why did you get up like this? Have you forgotten that I ordered you to remain in bed when I saw you the other day?"

"In bed?—How the devil am I to remain in bed? Tell me that!"

"You must not get up in this condition. Why, you are delirious!"

"What fool you are—don't you know that there is a dry spell?"

"Yes I am aware of the dry spell." It was evidently not quite clear to him what that had to do with the case. Have a chair, and we will talk it over."

"A chair? No!—Who, then, should dry the hay in the homefield? I had some of it cut when I was taken down—why do you contradict me? And the youngsters have made some attempts at it—but who is to see about drying it?—Not Gudrun—she can't do everything. The youngsters?—what do they know about drying hay?—Who, then, is to do it?—Are you going to do it?"

"Something will turn up for you," said the doctor, somewhat at a loss.

"Something will turn up? Nothing has ever turned up for me."

Cold shivers passed through me. His remark rang true: I knew that nothing had ever turned up for him. I felt faint at looking into such an abyss

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of hopelessness. Instantly I saw that the truth of this delirious statement concerned me more than all the wisdom of the ages.

"Do I get those four crowns you owe me?"—Thord asked. He was trembling so that his teeth chattered.

The doctor produced four crowns from his purse and handed them to him. Thord laid them on the table and staggered towards the door.

"You are leaving your crowns behind, man," said the doctor.

"I haven't got them now," said Thord, without looking back and still making his way towards the door. "But I'll pay them as soon as I can."

"Isn't there a vacant bed upstairs at the store?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," I answered. "We will walk with you down to the store, Thord."

"Walk with me?—Be damned!—I am off for the hayfield."

We followed him outside and watched him start out. After a short distance he stumbled down. We got him upstairs in the store.

A few days later he could have told us, if anyone had been able to communicate with him, whether they are right or wrong, those latest theories on how it feels to die.

—But who dries the hay in his home-field now?

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BETEL

By SHIRLEY WARD

The Old Folks Home in Gimli is a large, comfortable-looking building surrounded by petunia beds and lilac shrubs, and overlooks Lake Winnipeg. It is the home of fifty-three people of Icelandic origin, ranging in age from the minimum entrance requirement of sixty-five years to ninety-eight years. A great task, indeed, to care for them individually—but when one meets the matron one realizes that here is the person who can fill the post capably and with understanding.

This institution is maintained by the Lutheran Synod. Old people from all over Canada may take advantage of its care. Upstairs in the pleasant, bright rooms are many interesting personalities. There is the lady whose artistic yearnings were suppressed during her

youth, but now find an outlet in sur-realistic designs which are carefully embroidered. She regards life and its accompanying infirmities as a huge joke. Her wit is apparent even to one whose Icelandic is limited—and the scathing look we received when we failed to understand her!

In an adjoining room an old lady is knitting, and chatting with a companion who is spinning. Nearby is a cheerful eighty-four-year-old who still enjoys a lively game of bridge. In passing, we smile at a bright-eyed little person—who informs us that we will get a fine husband. Fortified by this assurance, we go to visit Margaret and to admire her large volume of clippings. Down the hall lives the old gentleman who firmly believes he is

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105 years old. As a matter of fact he has not yet reached the century mark. We leave him, hoping that he will achieve it.

The matron points out an old gentleman who is blind. With a merry laugh she describes his inexplicable habit of resting with the covers drawn over his head.

On this floor, too, are the sitting rooms with bookcases filled with Icelandic works. Here, many old people are enjoying a quiet afternoon.

Downstairs are found the dining room with small tables attractively arrang-

ed—the kitchen with its huge range—a large parlor where morning devotions are held daily and services conducted every Sunday, and where a canary sits contentedly in its cage—an old bird among aged people.

The visitor feels respect, admiration, compassion for these pioneers who have contributed much to the life of the settlement and to Manitoba's history. He smiles at their spirit and humor—thinks soberly of their full and good lives—and leaves the pleasant building feeling that here is a home worthy of their sunset days.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

A problem in Ethics. "Father" said little Jacob, "what is this ethics I hear about in school?"

"Vell Jaky, I don't know how to say it good but I give you an example: Suppose a customer came in here and pay his bill with a brand new twenty dollar bill. Ven he goes out I look at the bill careful and I find it is two new twenty dollar bills stuck together. Now Jaky, ethics is shall I tell my partner?"



The secret of success. An ambitious young man approached a successful business man and asked him to tell him the secret of his success.

"There is no easy way to success" said the business man, "you must jump at your opportunity".

"But" the young lad interjected, "how can I know when my opportunity comes?"

"You can't" said the successful one, "you've just got to keep jumping".

The democratic way. A local politician who had often presided at village meetings was appointed a justice of the peace. A villager was arrested for some slight offence and brought before the J. P. It was his first case and the budding politician was anxious to do the right thing. After the evidence for the prosecution was in counsel for the defendant got up and said: "Your Honor, I move that this case be dismissed against my client".

The new J. P. was puzzled. After a minute of agony and squirming he very cautiously said, "You have all heard the motion: those in favor raise their hands".

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TO THE POINT

Two wars have come upon us in a single generation because we have forgotten the elementary social truth that the right of each to life must be defended collectively, by the community, or it cannot be defended at all; that if we will not defend the rights of others against violence we shall at least be unable to defend our own and

will ourselves become the victims of that violence. If within the nation the people as a whole are indifferent when some minority is made the victim of gross violence: if in the international field the nations as a whole are indifferent when some one people is the victim of such violence, then the rights of all the people and of all peoples are placed in jeopardy.

Norman Angell.

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CRUMBS

Australian soldiers wrote home from Egypt that they learned the hard way that some Arabs are expert pickpockets.

* * *

By some tokens the life of a prisoner of war is not so bad. Here is what a prisoner in a German camp in England, wrote his folks: "Did you ever stop to think how lucky a prisoner of war really is? No rent, taxes or rates, shopping bills or creditors".

* * *

Doughboys in Egypt learned that a plate placed over a house is a sign that the family living there has a daughter of marriage age.

* * *

His nine sons having joined up in the war, sixty-year-old Mr. Van Heerden of Vasco, South Africa, still hale and hearty, wanted to go too, but his work on the railroad was declared essential.

* * *

A two-mile detour to visit the dentist cost Ronald Marshall, truck driver, \$6.00 at Doncaster, England for mis-using gasoline.

* * *

A baby was born in the Royal Navy hospital, Plymouth, England, for the first time in the institution's nearly 200 years, the mother having arrived there to see her sick husband.

* * *

A Netherlander told the story of a beautiful new tulip grown in the Netherlands which struck the fancy of a Nazi general. A box was sent to him. Inside was a note saying the new tulip had been named — Spitfire.

* * *

The Women's Institute of Southminster, England, passed by a large majority a resolution "that the custom of a gentleman paying for a lady should now be abolished", unmarried members leading the opposition.

The sucker fish is native in only two parts of the world, North America and China.

* * *

If British law courts adopt a suggestion of Herbert Morrison, home secretary, people summoned for minor offences need not appear in court. Justice-by-post is the plan: to save time, man-power and expense.

* * *

"Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill" the hotel register read. Winston Churchill of Camp Forrest, Calif., and Ann Windsor, 17, were married in New Jersey. Churchill was given his first name 19 years ago because of his parents "long-time admiration" for the future prime minister.

* * *

A new steel rolling mill at Shelyabinsh, Russia, is reported to be 430 yards long, and the plant and worker's quarters cover 30 square miles.

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The Book Page

DOWN NORTH

by **Malcolm MacDonald**

The Right Honourable Malcolm MacDonald is the second son of the late Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald and although still a comparatively young man has had wide experience and held a number of responsible positions. At present he is the British High Commissioner in Canada.

During the summer of 1942, the author spent two weeks in the arctic region of the north west, and the following winter he spent another week in this territory. This is not a scientific study of the arctic regions or another account of life among the eskimos. Mr. MacDonald has taken an interesting trip and he is merely telling his experiences. He is a keen observer of people and places and describes them well.

One of the delightful features of the book is the sketches of the various people he met on this trip; his two travelling companions, Mr. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Resources and Dr. Charles Camsell, Deputy Minister and Commissioner of the Northwest Territories, Archie McNab, Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan, Mrs. George Black of the Yukon, Peter Moses of the Old Crow Indians, trappers, missionaries, mounted police officers, nurses and doctors, eskimos and Indians. After reading the book you feel that you have really met all these people and would like to go north to renew your acquaintance.

I especially enjoyed the chapters on Dawson City and the Klondike. Dawson City is now the tattered backdrop of the stages where one of the most exciting dramas of the north was enacted. I hope that with the development of the north this backdrop

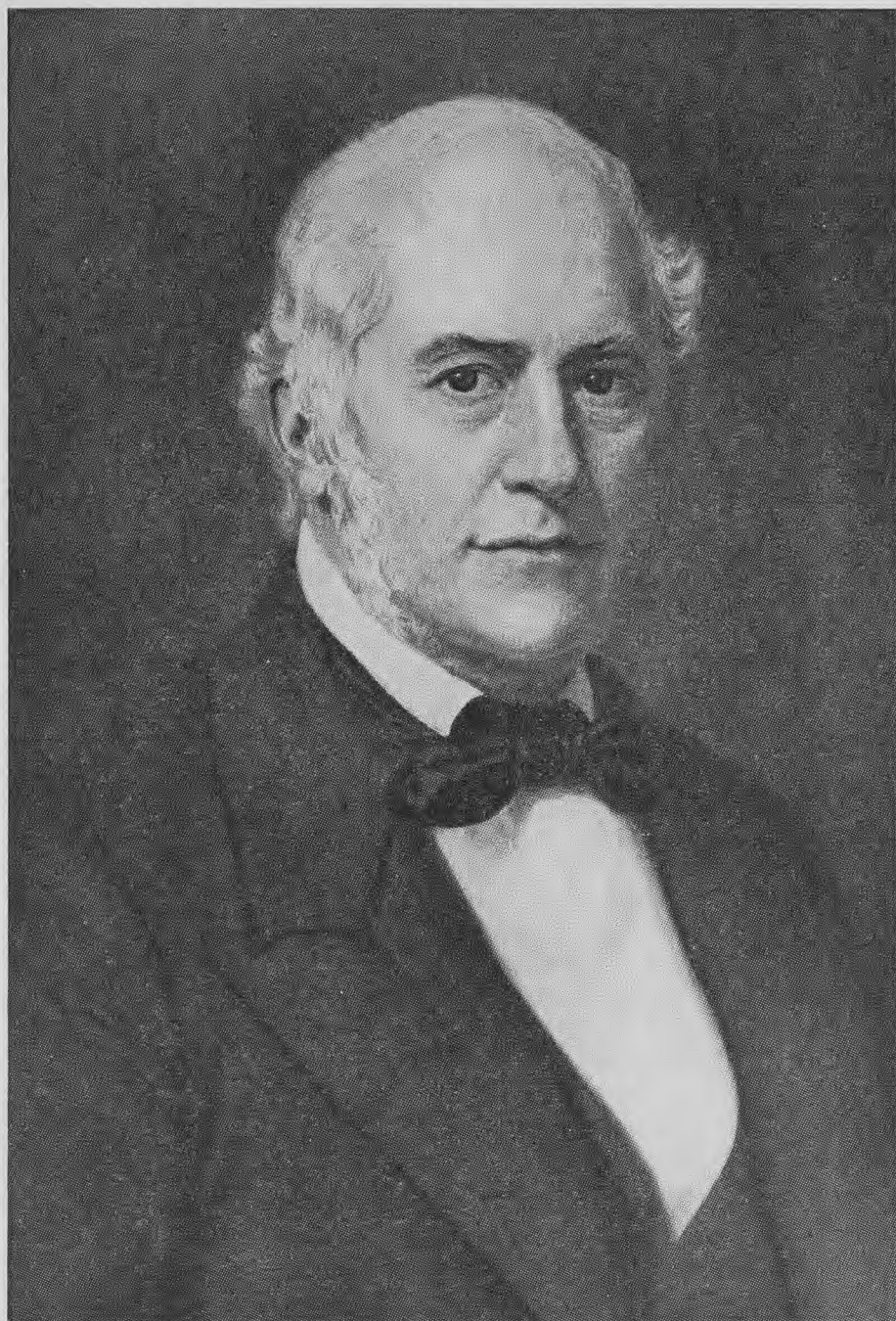
will not be entirely destroyed. Why not reconstruct Dawson City and make it a historical monument the way they have done with some of the ghost towns in Colorado.

North of the Arctic Circle they found the homes of the Old Crow Indians, who raised almost four hundred dollars to send to the children in London who suffered in the air raids. From there the party journeyed to Aklavik, the point farthest north on this journey. They returned by way of the oil fields of Norman Wells, the radium mines at Great Bear Lake, the gold mines at Yellowknife, Ft. Smith and Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska. Two great engineering projects have recently been completed in this part of the country. The oil pipe line from Norman Wells to the Alaska Highway and the Alaska Highway itself. Mr. MacDonald saw the engineers at work on the oil line and made the acquaintance of the American Negro soldiers who were acting as stevedores for the supplies for the Alaska Highway. He found that in addition to being rich in natural resources the country was beautiful the climate in summer most delightful. Perhaps he could not say this last the following March when he returned for a week. But even in the winter the arctic is livable.

The war has made it necessary for Canada to speed up the opening of its northern frontier. Doubtless in the years ahead our civilization will push rapidly toward the northwest and there will be great changes.

One hopes those we meet in this book will fare better than some of their fellows have in the past where the white man has brought his civilization.

H. S.



JÓN SIGURÐSSON

Born June 17, 1811 — Died December 7, 1879.

At his funeral a shield of silver was held high upon which words were emblazoned the thought of which may thus be expressed:

Iceland's favourite son; its honour, sword and shield.

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Fáninn (The Flag)

by EINAR BENEDIKTSSON

translated by TRYGGVI J. OLESON



Rise thou Iceland's youngest symbol,
Rise in thousand voiced lay.
Bind our hearts and souls together
For a purpose high, we pray.
Rise thou Iceland's strong and mighty
Race, to greet the glorious day.

White as gleams the snow on mountains,
Gleam, O flag, a beacon light.
In the hearts of all our people
Deep thy lasting message write.
May thy folk be ever mindful
Of thy colours, radiant, bright.

May our ships, whate'er their courses,
Proudly bear thee, raised on high.
May our children kindle brightly
Every hope we glorify,
And when each his life has ended
In thy folds, O let him lie.

Long as rays of vernal sunshine
Melt from meads and fields the snow,
Fired by our love for Iceland
'Neath thy cross our strength shall grow—
Love for Iceland, deep, enduring,
Pure as glacier's ice aglow.